



Battle Island



3 0 2

Chapter 1 by Michael Book

They year was 35 B.C. There was no guns. Only the sword and shield to protect you from a bloody and deadly battle. When you walk on to the field there are legs, arms, heads and blood trails followed by guts and brains. You may run across a person still alive, but not to much longer. You can smell death in the air. You where one of the only survivors of your troop. Your oldest son was killed right in front of you. His last words where "tell mom I love her". your eyes get heavy and fill with tears as you hold him and he takes his last breath. His eyes slowly close and his body just lays there. My name is Dave. On my way home from battle The only words I could hear in my head was 'Tell mom I love her" witch my son said to me right before his death. He just shy of 19 and had a wife and a kid on the way. As I walk day and night that is all I think about.

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